

Dan'l Boone

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AUTHORITY

GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

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\$1000.00 WORTH OF MAGIC SECRETS
102 STARTLING TRICKS YOU CAN LEARN EASILY!

MAGIC



NEW YORK, N.Y.—Now, for the first time, the astonishing magician JACK BOXER, has agreed to expose many of the sensational tricks used by such world-famous magicians as THURSTON, HOUDINI, and DORNIE.

BOXER has prepared a fascinating book in which he shows how you can amaze and mystify your friends using coins, cards and mind-reading. No special apparatus is required!

This astonishing book reveals One Thousand Dollars worth of magic secrets explaining in simple terms 102 startling tricks! ALL OF THIS SELLS FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

In addition Mr. BOXER offers three gifts as a bonus

1. THE MAGIC BOX Make coins vanish and reappear, and turn pennies into nickles or dimes.
2. WEDDING RING MYSTERY A solid ring passes through a string that is held by a member of your audience.
3. CHINESE RING ILLUSION All the equipment needed to make an object disappear and reappear before the very eyes of your audience.

BOXER WILL SEND THE BOOK AND THE THREE MAGIC TRICKS ALL FOR ONLY A SINGLE DOLLAR BILL.

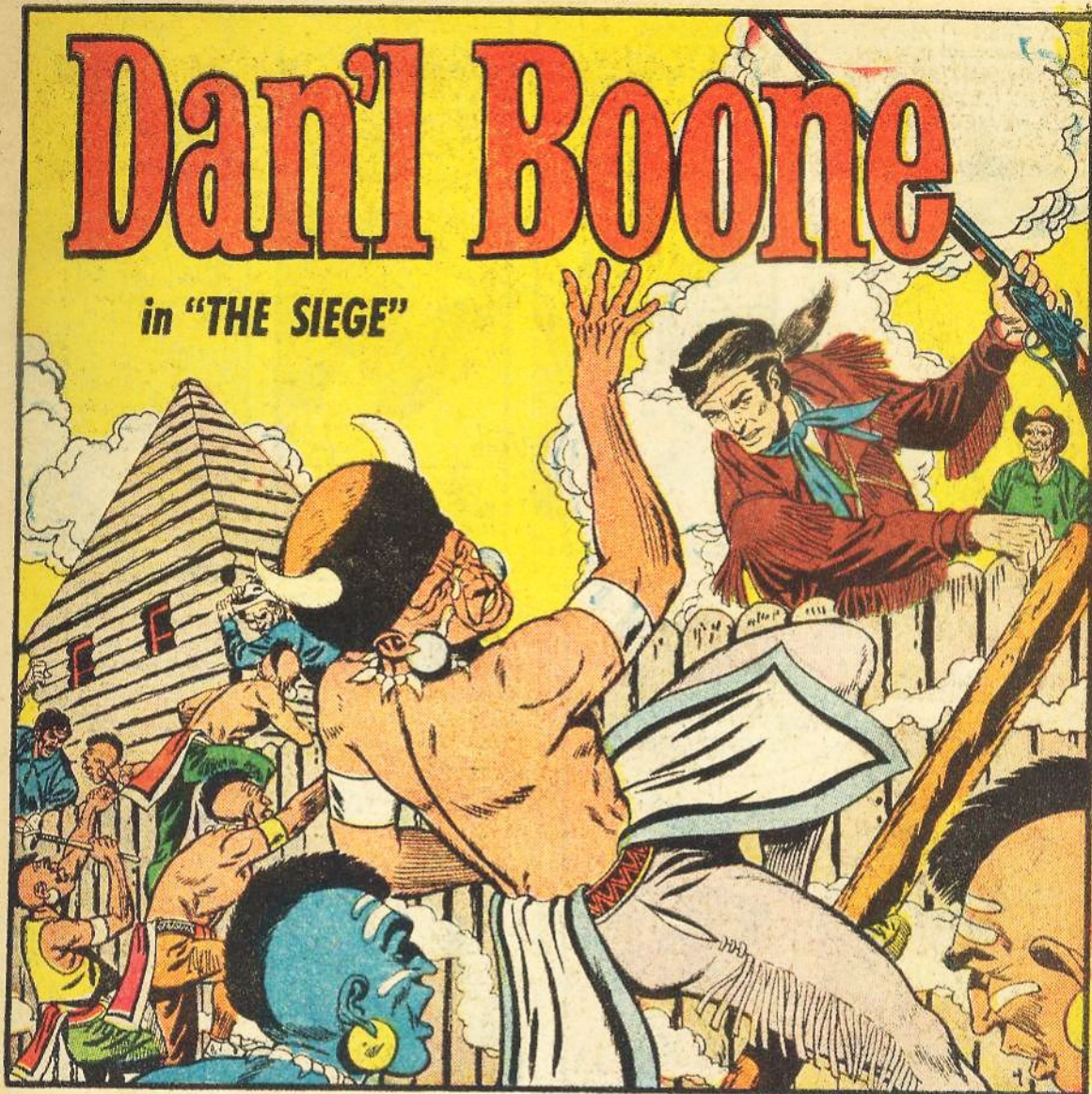
ALL THREE OF THESE TRICKS WILL BE SENT FREE WITH THE BOOK WHEN YOU USE THE COUPON AT THE LEFT!

JACK BOXER
 400 MADISON AVENUE
 NEW YORK 17, N.Y.
 DEPT D.B.2

I ENCLOSE \$1.
 PLEASE RUSH ONE COPY OF THE BOOK **MAGIC** WITH ITS \$1000.00 WORTH OF MAGICAL SECRETS... AND ALSO THE 3 FREE BONUS TRICKS
 NAME _____
 STREET _____
 CITY _____ STATE _____

Dan'l Boone

in "THE SIEGE"



DANIEL BOONE WAS OUT UNDER THE TALL TREES AGAIN, BY HIS LONESOME AT LAST AFTER LONG MONTHS AT THE SETTLEMENT...

HERE'S WHAR A BODY HAS **ELBOW ROOM!** HERE'S WHAR A BODY CAN TRAIPE ABOUT, AND NOT BE FEARFUL OF TREADIN' ON FINE FOLKS' TOES AND FEELINGS!...



ANOTHER DAY INSIDE THAT STOCKADE WALL, AND I'D.... UH-OH- CAMPFIRE SMOKE RISIN' FROM THE RAVINE AHEAD! AND THAT'S **WET-WOOD SMOKE...** MUST BE A **WHITE MAN!**



BUT THEN-- HMMM--
IT'S AN
OLD INJUN! MUST BE
FEELIN' POORLY, OR ELSE
HE'D NEVER HAVE USED
WET WOOD--



WOLVES!...
CREEPIN' UP
ON HIM!



SHOOT STRAIGHT,
TICK-LICKER*-- OR
ELSE THAT OLD
INJUN'S A GONER
FOR SURE!



*TICK-LICKER IS
BOONE'S NAME FOR
HIS RIFLE.



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT
NOW!...ONCE I DOWNED
THE LEAD-WOLF, THE
OTHERS TURNED
TAIL!



YOU TALK INDIAN-
TALK LIKE ONE
OF US. YOU ARE A
GOOD MAN. BUT
YOUR SHOT WAS
WASTED-- I AM
READY TO DIE....



MY TRIBESMEN LEFT ME ON THE FOREST
TRAIL. THAT IS OUR CUSTOM... WHEN A
MAN IS OLD AND WEAK... TO LEAVE HIM.
YOU THINK IT IS NOT RIGHT, PALEFACE.
I SEE YOUR ANGRY
LOOK. YOU ARE A
GOOD MAN....



YOU TRIED TO HELP ME-- NOW I... TRY TO
HELP YOU. MY TRIBE... PLANS TO ATTACK
THE SETTLEMENT AT THE BEND OF THE
RIVER! GO, PALEFACE, GO SAVE YOUR
PEOPLE... AS YOU TRIED
TO SAVE ME!



HAVE TO GET RIGHT BACK INSIDE THAT
STOCKADE WALL! NO TIME NOW TO YEARN
FOR ELBOW ROOM...!





BUT JUST AS THE PAWNEES STARTED FOR THE STOCKADE WALL, DANIEL BOONE SHOWED UP ON THEIR FLANK--!



HIS LAST SHOT WAS STILL ECHOING WHEN--

IT WORKED!... HAVE TO GET INSIDE THE STOCKADE NOW BEFORE THEY STOP RUNNING AND LOOK AROUND!



BEFORE BOONE COULD SCRAMBLE TO HIS FEET--



BUT THOSE INSIDE THE STOCKADE HAD SPOTTED HIM TOO! AND--



SOON AFTER--

YOU'RE SAFE, BOONE-- AND YOU HAVE US TO THANK FOR BEING ALIVE!

TELL 'EM (GASP) TO STOP SHOOTIN'! WE'LL NEED EVERY DROP OF BALL AN' POWDER FOR THE SIEGE...!





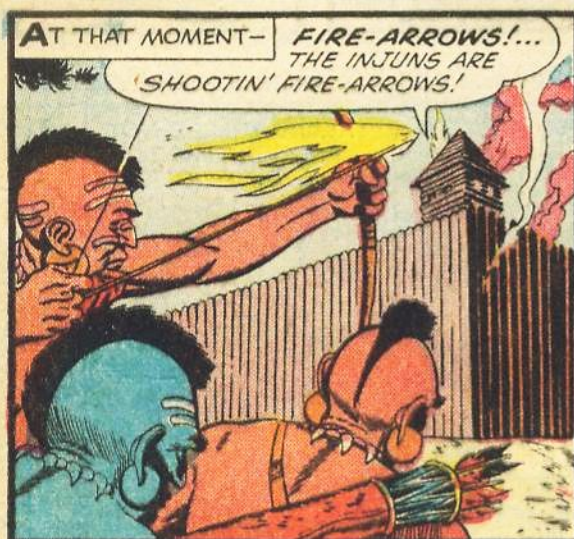
OF ALL THE
UNGRATEFUL--!

WHAT DID YOU EXPECT
OF A CRUDE BACK-
WOODSMAN?

THESE WERE
THE "FINE
FOLKS"--THE
FEW SOUR
APPLES WHOSE
SCHEMING AND
BICKERING AND
FANCY WAYS
HAD DRIVEN
BOONE IN
DISGUST OUT
TO THE FOREST!
BUT THE
STOCKADE WAS IN
DANGER
NOW--AND
BOONE HAD
COME BACK
TO TAKE
CHARGE!



LOOK AT HIM!--DOLING OUT
FOOD AND WATER, AS IF GROWN
PEOPLE DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH
SENSE TO CONSERVE SUPPLIES!



AT THAT MOMENT--

FIRE-ARROWS!--
THE INJUNS ARE
'SHOOTIN' FIRE-ARROWS!



FIRE!
FIRE!

I HAVE IT UNDER CONTROL, MA'AM!
JUST FETCH ME SOME MORE
WATER!



STOP WASTING WATER!--
USE BLANKETS AND SUCH
TO DOUSE THE FLAMES! HOW
MANY TIMES DO YE HAVE TO
BE TOLD THAT THE WELL
INSIDE THE STOCKADE HAS
ALMOST RUN DRY?!



YOU HAVE NO RIGHT TALKING
SO HIGH-HANDEDLY, BOONE!
IT WAS YOUR RUNNING HERE
FOR HELP WITH THOSE RED-
SKINS HOT ON
YOUR TRAIL, THAT I
STARTED THIS
WHOLE
MESS!

MISTER, YOU
COULDN'T
HAVE GOT THE
STORY MORE TWISTED
IF YE--



BUT BOONE NEVER GOT TO
STRAIGHTEN MATTERS OUT
THAT DAY! FOR, JUST THEN--

TO THE WALL, EVERY-
BODY! TO THE WALL!--
THEY'RE ATTACKING IN
FULL FORCE!

BOONE WAS THE FIRST TO LEAP UP!
AND AFTER ONE FAST SQUINT—



THAT'S NO FULL-SCALE ATTACK!
WHOOA-UP, FOLKS—THERE'S
ENOUGH UP HERE
ALREADY TO HOLD
'EM OFF!

ARE YOU BLIND, BOONE? THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF THEM!...
CLIMB UP, EVERYBODY!...CLIMB UP!



THE MAN'S CRAZY WITH FEAR!...I DON'T RELISH TURNIN' MY RIFLE
ON YE, FRIENDS— BUT RECKON IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO MAKE YE
HEAR ME OUT!...THAT'S JUST A SMALL WAR PARTY OUT
THERE! THE INJUNS ARE HOPIN' WE'LL DO JUST WHAT HE
WANTS
US TO—



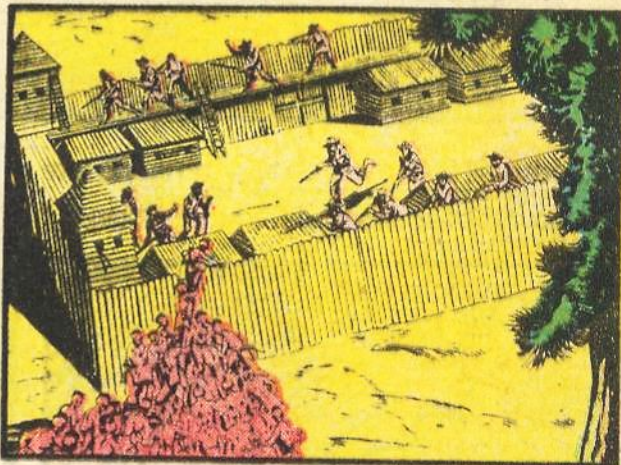
BOONE'S THE CRAZY
ONE! CLIMB UP! IF
YOU VALUE YOUR
LIVES, CLIMB UP
ALL OF YOU!



LET
US UP,
BOONE!

STAND
BACK, I
SAID!...
STAND
BACK!!

JUST THEN, AS BOONE HAD EXPECTED, THE MAIN BODY
OF PAWNEES ATTACKED THE STOCKADE'S REAR!



AND SINCE ALL THE DEFENDING FORCES HAD NOT
BEEN COMMITTED TO THE FRONT WALL--

GIVE 'EM SALT AN' VINEGAR, MEN! THERE'S ENOUGH
OF US HERE TO MAKE 'EM TURN TAIL!



AFTER THE BATTLE -- WE DROVE 'EM
OFF, BOONE!
RECKON WE CAN REST EASY NOW-- EH?

WISH I COULD AGREE-- BUT
KNOWIN' INJUNS THE WAY
I DO...THE WORST IS
YET TO COME!



IT TURNED OUT THAT BOONE'S GRIM PROPHECY WAS A TRUE ONE --



TWELFTH DAY OF THE SIEGE! AND NOW THE CRAFTY PAWNEES BEGAN TO DIG A TUNNEL FROM THE RIVER BANK



AND BECAUSE BOONE WAS SO BUSY TRYING TO KEEP MORALE UP INSIDE THE STOCKADE, HE NEVER SPOTTED THE **DIGGERS!** CLOSER THOSE INDIANS DUG TO THE WALL! CLOSER....



BUT THE HARD-DRIVING RAIN DID MORE THAN REPLENISH THE SETTLERS' WATER SUPPLY--



WHEN BOONE SAW THAT GAPING HOLE JUST OUTSIDE THE WALL--



LATER, THAT SAME NIGHT --

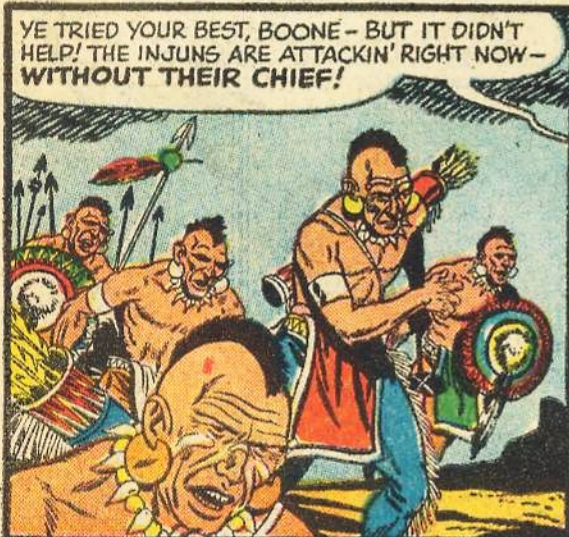
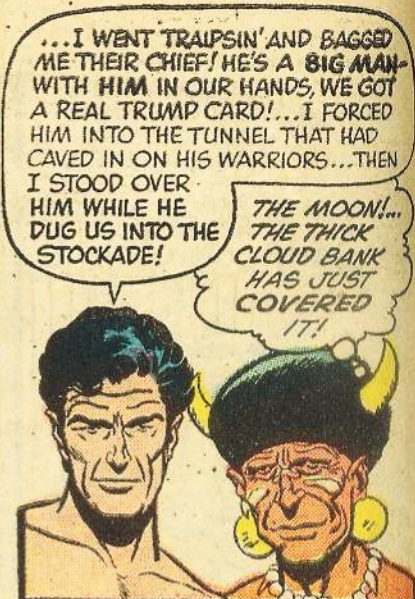


BOONE CRAWLED WITHOUT A SOUND RIGHT BACK AMONG THOSE UNSUSPECTING PAWNEES, TILL AT LAST HE FOUND WHOM HE WAS LOOKING FOR--

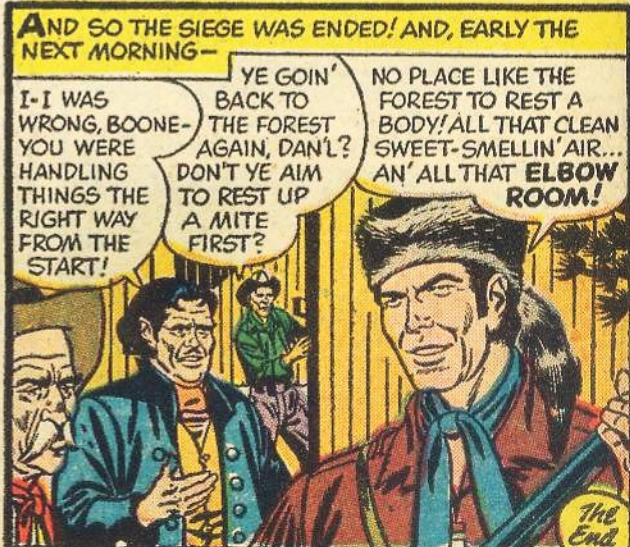
BEST NOT CRY OUT-- OR YOUR TRIBE'LL BE WITHOUT A CHIEF TOMORROW! NOW MOVE AHEAD OF ME... BACK TOWARD THE STOCKADE!



INSIDE THE STOCKADE -



IN THE LIGHT OF THE FLARE, THE PAWNEES SAW THAT BOONE WAS SPEAKING THE TRUTH -



"I'LL RIPPLE YOUR BODY WITH MUSCLES and LOAD T-N-T IN YOUR FISTS"

Says **JOE LOUIS**, Great World Champion

**Broaden your shoulders... put
hammer-like force in your hands.
Add solid new muscle to your arms.**

I wish you could come to Lou Stillman's famous training headquarters with me. See how the Champions build their bodies. Are you fat and flabby? Watch Whitey Lockman of the New York Giants show his sure-fire method to remove fat. Tired, rundown, nervous and unhappy? See Kid Gavilan's tested plan to liven you up. Want a masterful chest? Famous trainer George Patterson has a simple chair trick that adds inches to your chest... **FAST!**

If you want to be a star athlete and look like one... let these famous Champions show you how. It's simple. It's easy. Just 15 minutes a day will make a new MAN out of you. Find out how these sports Stars can help YOU! Send coupon below. Extra! I've arranged to include my book "Fight Secrets" for just 10¢—so that you'll be sure to write me. Get off the bench—and into the game. Send me the coupon below *right now!*

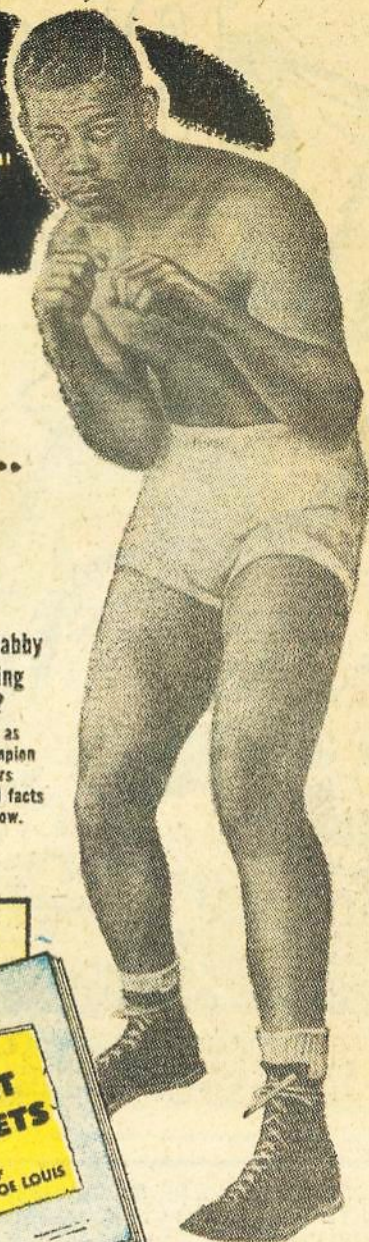
Sincerely,

Joe Louis

*Are
You...*

- Tired
- Nervous
- Rundown
- Skinny
- Fat and Flabby
- Always being picked on?

Then do exactly as Joe and his champion staff of instructors tell you. For full facts send coupon below.



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Dear Joe:

- ☐ Please send me absolutely free a full and complete explanation of how the National Sports Council can build me the right kind of body.
- ☐ Enclosed is 10¢. Please include your famous book **FIGHT SECRETS.**

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**THIS ADVERTISEMENT IS PAID FOR BY
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Dan'l Boone

in "THE RUNAWAY"



IT'S BEEN RAINING BUCKETS LATELY! THAT'S HOW COME THE RIVER BANK GAVE WAY UNDER THE YOUNG 'UN -- TUMBLING HIM HEADLONG INTO THE ROARING WATERS! NO TWO WAYS ABOUT IT-- HE'S IN BAD SHAPE WHEN **DAN'L BOONE** SPOTS HIM ABOUT TO GO DOWN FOR THE LAST TIME

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE **BOTH** DEEP IN TROUBLE NOW! THIS-HERE CURRENT'S SO POWERFUL, IT'S DRAGGIN' THE TWO OF US



... RIGHT FOR **SHARP STONE RAPIDS!**



BUT A SPLIT-SECOND
BEFORE THEY CAN BE
SWEEPED OVER --



THE BOY HAD
CRIED OUT IN
FLUENT
SHAWNEE --
AND NOW, HE
TELLS HOW HE
HAD BEEN
CAPTURED BY
SHAWNEES WHEN
STILL AN INFANT,
AND HAD BEEN
REARED AS ONE
OF THEM! BUT
THEN, AFTER
ALL THOSE
YEARS OF THINK-
ING HIMSELF AN
INDIAN, THERE
HAD BEEN A
PRISONER
EXCHANGE....

... I WAS TAKEN TO LIVE WITH THE
WHITES -- WAS FORCED TO WEAR
CLOTHES AND EAT AT A TABLE!...
I FOUND MYSELF LONGING FOR
THE FOREST AND FOR MY RED
BROTHERS --



WHEN DANIEL BOONE BEGAN TO TALK, IT
WAS ALSO IN FLUENT SHAWNEE --

-- SO YOU RAN AWAY TO REJOIN
THEM, RIGHT? BUT THEY WON'T HAVE
YOU NOW, BOY! YOU HAVE LIVED WITH
WHITES... SO NOW THE SHAWNEES
THINK OF YOU AS A WHITE YOURSELF --
AS THEIR ENEMY!

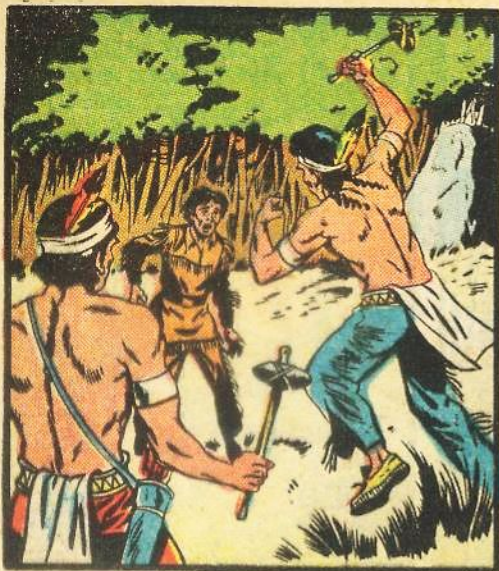


A SHAWNEE ARROW! I CAN
TELL BY THE SHAFT -- IT WAS SHOT
BY A WARRIOR OF MY TRIBE!



I'VE COME BACK, BROTHERS! I'VE --
BROTHERS, WH-WHY DON'T YOU
LOWER YOUR WAR-AXES?!







WE HAVE SEARCHED
THE WHOLE RIVER BANK,
BUT THERE IS NO SIGN
OF --

LOOK...!



... THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER
PADDLES FOR THE RAPIDS!

HE IS MADDENED BY FEAR!... HIS
CANOE WILL BE TORN TO SMALL
PIECES!



SO FAR SO GOOD! BUT IT'S
NOT GOIN' TO GET
ANY EASIER...!



UH-OH--THEY'VE CAUGHT
SIGHT OF US! CAN'T DUCK
THOSE ARROWS... HAVE
TO KEEP BOTH EYES FULL
ON THE WATER!



THAT ROCK!... WE'RE
BEIN' SWEEPED RIGHT
FOR IT!



WHEW--THAT WAS CLOSE!...
SWERVED THE CANOE NOT
A SECOND TOO SOON!



DOWN WE GO -- AND THE SPEED AIN'T
SLOW!... HMPF -- CHANCES ARE IT'D
BE ASKIN' TOO MUCH OF LADY LUCK
FOR US TO BOUNCE CLEAR
OF WHAT'S WAITIN' DOWN
THERE !



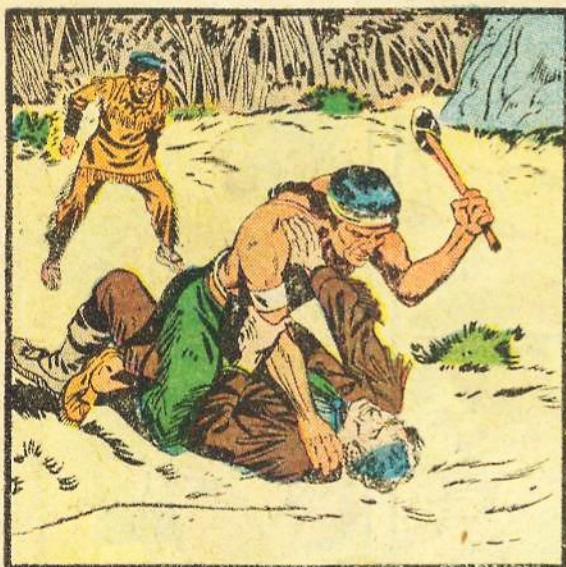
WE CLEARED 'EM--AND THAT WAR PARTY'S LEFT FAR BEHIND...!



WHEW--SUDDEN-LIKE I FEEL SO WEARY.... I WAS HUNTING ALONE BELOW THE RAPIDS WHEN THE CRIES OF MY TRIBESMEN BROUGHT ME TO THE RIVER'S EDGE!



BOONE! ANOTHER SHAWNEE-- BEHIND YOU!



SPLASHH!



LATER-- THANKS FOR WARNING ME, BOY. NOW TRY TO DO YOURSELF A GOOD TURN BY BELIEVING ME WHEN I TELL YOU THAT YOU **CAN'T** REJOIN THAT TRIBE!... LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, BOY-- IF IT'S THEIR WAY OF LIFE YOU'RE YEARNING FOR... THERE ARE PLENTY OF WHITE MEN WHO PASS MOST THEIR DAYS IN THE FORESTS TOO!

YOUR WORDS ARE TRUE ONES. FOR ARE **YOU** NOT A WHITE MAN, DANIEL BOONE...?



... AND FROM WHAT I HAVE SEEN TODAY-- NOBODY, WHITE OR SHAWNEE, IS MORE AT HOME IN THE FOREST THAN **YOU!!**



HEY KIDS! A REAL INDIAN VILLAGE!



**DIRECT TO YOU FROM
THE LAND OF THE
FIERCE CHEYENNE!**

Capture the exciting flavor of the Old West. Assemble your OWN authentic INDIAN VILLAGE, with Indians and Braves, Tepees and even Buffalo from the thundering herds of the Old West! Perfect for all Cowboy or Indian games. Be proud to display at your home or school!

The authentic Indian Village Kit contains 30 separate pieces realistically scaled and complete in every detail. Assemble in minutes . . . enjoy hours of fun. Only \$1.00 complete. Send your dollar NOW and get FREE a real Indian Feathered Headdress!

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Send 25c to cover cost of mailing.

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New York City, New York

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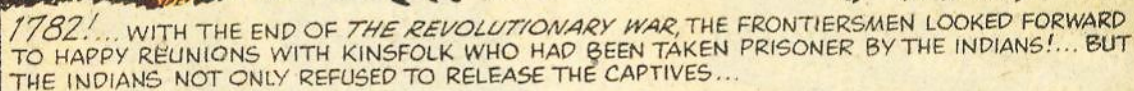
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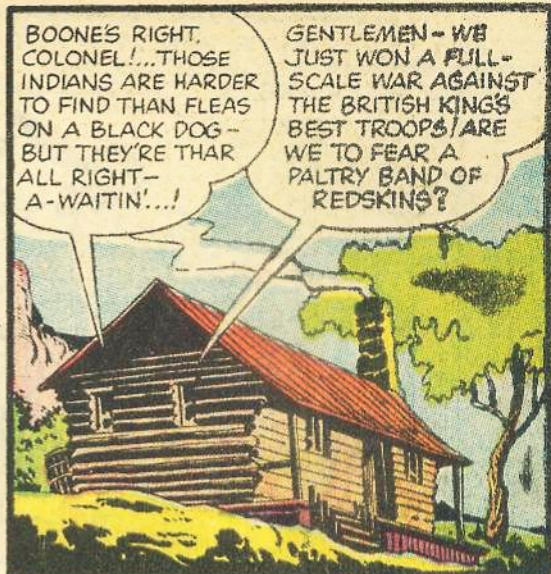
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Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back!

in "FATE OF THE CAPTIVES"



A stylized, high-contrast illustration. In the foreground, a Native American man with dark skin and feathers in his hair is shown in profile, looking towards the right. He wears a white beaded necklace and a red and white striped garment. Behind him, a man with white hair and a blue shirt with a red scarf looks forward. To the right, a man with a serious expression and a brown fringed garment is prominent. The background features a green landscape with a red mountain and a yellow flag. The style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century graphic design or propaganda art.



SUDDENLY-- THE WHITES HAVE REINFORCEMENTS! LONG STICKS BARK AT US FROM THE CANEBRAKES!



KEEP A-SHOOTIN', FRIENDS! SHOULDN'T TAKE MUCH MORE POWDER--THOSE INDIANS ARE STARTIN' TO SKEDADDLE ALREADY!

SURE LOOKS LIKE WE'VE AMBUSHED THE AMBUSHERS, DAN'L!



LATER-- COULDN'T STAND BY AND LET YE GET WIPED OUT-- SO WE TRAILED BEHIND YE, AND SOON AS THE INDIANS ATTACKED, WE CAME UP ON THEIR FLANK!

BOONE--YOU MEDDLING FOOL...!



...IT WAS BECAUSE OF YOUR INTERFERENCE THAT WE DIDN'T TAKE A SINGLE PRISONER TODAY!

YOU'RE THE FOOL, COLONEL! IF NOT FOR DAN'L--THE LOT OF YE WOULD HAVE BEEN GONERS!



NOW IT'S MY TURN TO ISSUE A WARNING, BOONE! I'M SETTING OUT AGAIN TOMORROW TO ENGAGE THE INDIANS IN BATTLE ...AND IF I DON'T HAVE A FREE HAND THEN--YOU'LL END UP IN A FEDERAL PRISON!

WHY, THE--



NO TIME TO SPARE FOR ARGUIN' WITH THE COLONEL--HIS PRIDE'S SWOLE-UP BIG AS A BAR THAT'S BEEN STUNG BY A PASSSEL OF HORNETS!... AND UNLESS WE MOVE RIGHT FAST, HE'LL BE LEADIN' HIS MEN SMACK INTO ANOTHER AMBUSH TOMORROW! NOW LISTEN, FRIENDS--I HAVE A PLAN...!

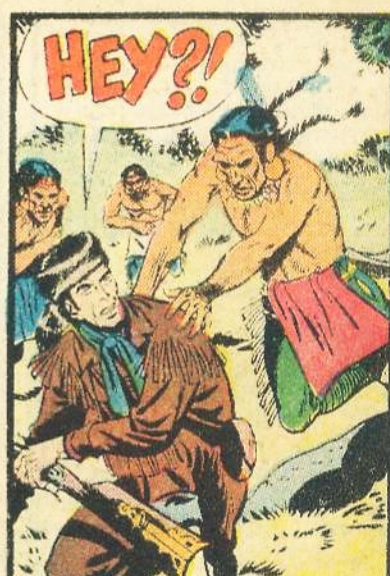


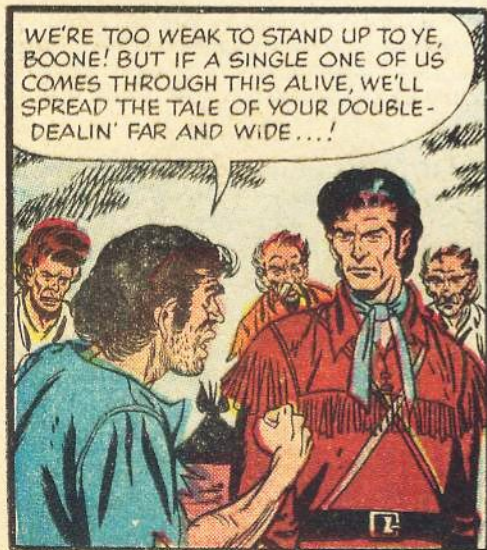
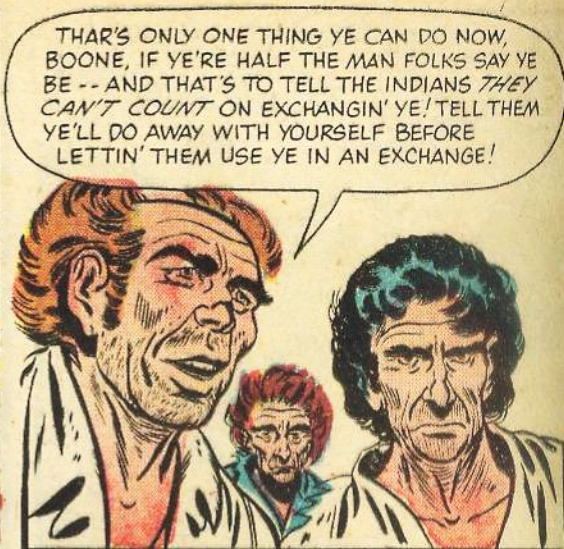
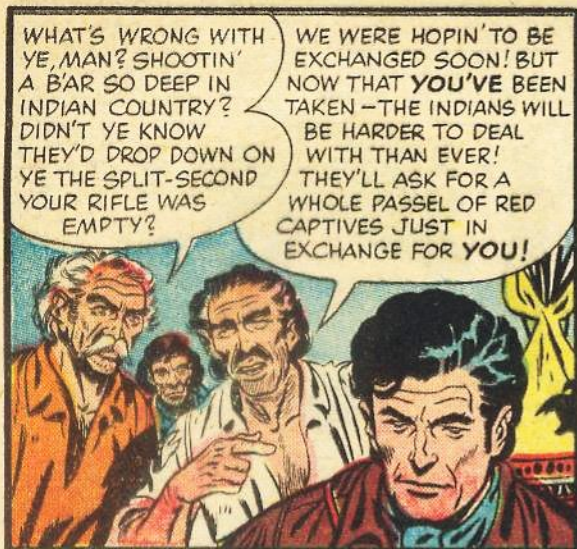
AFTER HEARING BOONE'S PLAN--

DAN'L--DON'T!... IT'S TOO DANGEROUS!

THINK ON IT SOME MORE, DAN'L--IT IS TOO RISKY... EVEN FOR THE LIKES OF YOU!









BUT THERE WAS NOBODY ON THE WHOLE FRONTIER FLEETER OF FOOT THAN DANIEL BOONE! AND FOR A LONG TIME HE OUTDISTANCED THE VENGEFUL INDIANS!



JUST THEN— STAND FAST IN THAR—WE'RE FRIENDS OF DAN'L BOONE!
THE WORD WAS SPREAD THAT DAN'L NEEDED US... AND HYAR WE ARE WITH FULL-LOADED RIFLES!



... DAN'L LET HIMSELF BE CAPTURED ON PURPOSE! HE RECKONED ON YOUR BEIN' SO HAPPY RIGHT AFTER, THAT ALL HIS FRIENDS, ONCE CALLED TOGETHER, THOUGH FEWER THAN YE IN NUMBER, COULD CREEP UP AND TAKE YE BY SURPRISE...!

THE SOUNDS WE HEARD IN THE FOREST!... THEY WERE MADE BY BOONE'S FRIENDS!



... AND BOONE WAS FEARFUL THAT WE WOULD KNOW THE SOUNDS FOR WHAT THEY WERE! SO HE SPRANG AT THE TWO WARRIORS, AND RAN... AND LED US, WITH HIS FRIENDS FOLLOWING INTO THE TRAP!

YE COMIN' OUT PEACEABLE-LIKE—OR DO WE HAVE TO COME IN AFTER YE?



WE WILL COME OUT—WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?... BUT BEFORE COMING OUT, WE WILL AVENGE OURSELVES ON THE PALEFACE WHO TRICKED US!

BOONE STANDS THERE IN THE SHADOWS!... LET THERE NOT BE A WAR-AXE OR A SPEAR UNRAISED!



A MOMENT LATER—

WHERE IS HE? HE HAS VANISHED!

IT IS NO USE—THE MAGIC OF BOONE IS TOO STRONG FOR US!



MEANWHILE—

DAN'L-- HOW DID YE GET OUT, MAN?! I'VE HUNTED HEREABOUTS BEFORE—AND I KNEW THAT RAVINE TO HAVE A LIME-STONE CAVERN HIDDEN BEHIND SOME BUSHES!... LET'S START HERDIN' THOSE INDIANS, FRIENDS—WE HAVE ONLY TILL MORNING...!



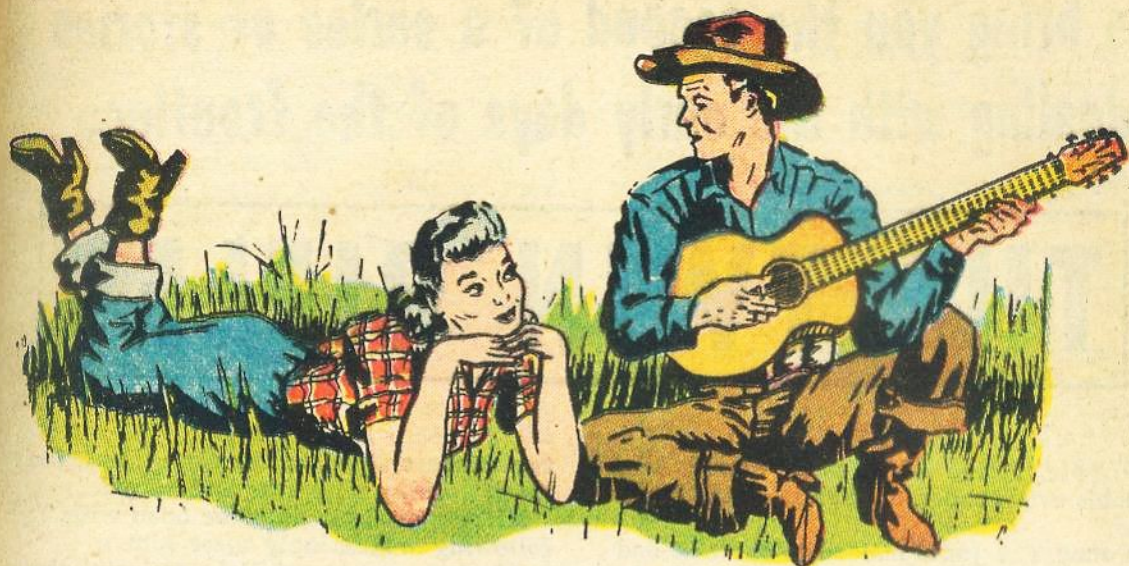
IN THE MORNING—

NO NEED TO GIVE THOSE MARCHIN' ORDERS, COLONEL!

L-LOOK--OUR KINSFOLK WHO WERE HELD PRISONER! BOONE'S BROUGHT THEM OUT TOO...!



The End



PLAY GUITAR IN 7 DAYS OR GET YOUR MONEY BACK

ED SALE, TOP RADIO GUITARIST, TEACHER OF HUNDREDS OF GUITARISTS, PROFESSIONALS, WILL POSITIVELY TEACH YOU TO PLAY A BEAUTIFUL SONG THE FIRST DAY! AND ANY SONG BY EAR OR NOTE IN 7 DAYS!

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— BE THRIFTY —

ONLY

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check or Money Order for \$2.00 with your order NOTHING ELSE TO PAY! (Also sent C. O. D. for \$2.00, plus postage and C. O. D. Fee).

\$2

POSTPAID

ED SALE, Studio 9402, Bradley Beach, N.J.

We bring you the second of a series of stories dealing with the early days of the frontier.

THE TWIN RIFLES

"Uh-oh," Simon Kirby said, "Sounds like trouble over yonder. Stay close on my heels, Tad."

Young Tad Jones nodded to show he had heard the frontiersman who was already moving forward, quiet as a cat, through the forest's thick shadows.

After a while Simon Kirby whispered, "Best stand fast here."

They were crouching at the edge of a clearing now—and the trouble was there before them, plain to see.

A trapper headed for the settlements with his winter's peltry, had been stopped by two forest runners. The runners were big brutish thieves with jagged fists and cruel faces. They had knocked the trapper to the ground and were prodding him with their feet, warning him that if he couldn't whip up a smile at their being so kind to relieve him of the skins—they'd just have to manhandle him some more.

The peltry was bound in tight bundles with rawhide, and one of the runners was swinging a bundle overhead, making out he was going to hurl it at the downed trapper.

Back at the edge of the clearing Simon Kirby slowly raised his rifle and squinted down the long barrel. . . .

Young Tad winced. He knew the frontier to be a wilderness where the strong and the straightest shooters always won out—but he knew Simon Kirby to be a fine upstanding man. Had the frontier coarsened Kirby so . . . that he would shoot those runners down in cold blood just for the crime of thieving?

Now Kirby was taking up the trigger slack. . . .

And just when Tad meant to shout a warning to the runners—KRAKK—Kirby fired . . . and—TWANNG—the leather thong the bundle of skins had been whirling on split in two!

The skins thudded to the ground, and the

two runners stood in the rising dust, their faces working with fear and hatred.

Kirby moved out into the open with Tad following wonderingly after him.

"Reckon you two will be traipsin' along now," Kirby said, "unless you'd care to see me shoot at BIGGER targets."

The runners began to back away, their faces white and sweating but their eyes blazing with hatred. When they reached where the clearing ended, they turned and bolted into the forest.

"Whew," the trapper said. "That was close. I'm right obliged to you, Simon Kirby."

"Weren't much," said Kirby. "My rifle did the persuadin'—not me."

"Those runners won't take kindly to bein' crossed," the trapper said. "I'd watch my step from here on in, if I were you."

Kirby smiled. "A man who spends as much time in the forest as I do, keeps alive just that way . . . by watchin' his step."

And standing by, already loading the peltry back onto the trapper's packhorse, young Tad smiled too. For he knew now that Kirby had not been coarsened by the frontier . . . and he was proud to be his friend.

A full month passed—and there was so much hunting, trapping, and Injun-ruckusing in that month, Tad forgot all about those forest runners.

But the day of the candle-snuffing contest . . . he saw them again!

A stranger had come to the frontier. A tall lean man with a rifle that made folks stare.

For the rifle was the twin-image of Simon Kirby's. Same long barrel . . . same dull-shine metal . . . same hand-carved design on the butt . . . even same stain on the wood.

And when folks spoke wonderingly of the sameness of the two rifles, the stranger sneered back that although their rifles might be the same, the riflemen sure weren't . . .

he could shoot rings around Simon Kirby without half-trying.

Now Simon Kirby was known by everybody as the frontier's best marksman—so folks naturally took exception to the stranger's sneers. And so they arranged for a candle-snuffing contest between the two men—come deep dusk, they were to try to snuff a tree-perched candle with rifle-fire at a hundred paces.

Just to oblige his friends and neighbors, knowing them to be starved for sport in the bleak wilderness, Kirby agreed to match his skill against the stranger's.

And everything was going smooth as silk the day of the contest—when suddenly Tad spotted the stranger whispering with one of the forest runners at the edge of the settlement!

"Tad's heart was pounding as he crept forward to hear their words.

"Molding necks on the bullets. . . ." he heard them whisper. ". . . Leave unfired. Switch for Kirby's . . . his rifle will blow up!"

Tad's face darkened. . . . That trapper had been right! The runners **HADN'T** taken kindly to Kirby's crossing them . . . this contest was to be their revenge! The stranger was **THEIR** man . . . and they were fixing it so that—

"HEY!"

Tad groaned as he felt his arms being pinned behind him. The second runner, come to join his evil cronies, had spotted Tad eavesdropping.

Now Tad heard:

"What'll we do with the boy?"

"Our quarrel's not him—but we can't let him loose to warn Kirby."

"All right, then **YOU** watch him till after the contest!"

"ME? . . . Why should I miss seein' Kirby go down?"

"Fool—if you're there, and the boy's loose, he **WON'T** go down!"

So Tad was left deep in the forest with the grumbling runner who had first pinned back his arms.

And the sky was steadily deepening towards dusk. . . .

Tad buried his head in his hands. Wouldn't be long now that the contest would start . . . and Simon Kirby would be raising his rifle loaded with unfired bullets to his shoulder. . . .

A sudden gurgling sound made Tad jerk his head up. Sure that Tad's spirit was broken, the runner was drinking from an up-tilted jug, drowning his disappointment

in cider at having to miss the contest.

But that was all Tad had to see! Springing to his feet, he pushed hard against the runner's chest, sending him sprawling into a thicket—and then started running for the settlement.

Tad ran fast as he could, pumping steadily with his well-muscled legs. "**HAVE TO GET THERE IN TIME,**" he kept saying over and over to himself. "**HAVE TO GET THERE BEFORE SIMON KIRBY SHOOTSI!**"

And he was almost there when suddenly he heard: **KRAKK!**

And then as he ran even faster, knowing that the fatal shot would come any moment, he heard the **BOOMM** that meant a rifle barrel was shattering, and he sobbed, "**TOO LATE . . . TOO LATE!**"

But now he had reached the settlement and he saw a man he hated, scrambling toward the forest—the runner who had stayed to see the contest—and Tad was still sobbing as he threw himself at the hulking thief, bore him to the ground, and started pummeling him.

He was still astride the whimpering hulk when he heard Kirby's voice:

"Leave him be, Tad. He's had enough."

Tad stared up with widening eyes. "B-but you're **NOT** hurt! I heard the rifle explode . . . and you're **NOT HURT!**"

Simon Kirby smiled. "Reckon I'm lucky," he said. "I saw by the way that stranger handled his rifle, he weren't much of a shooter. And although the rifles **LOOKED** alike, I could tell his was nowhere near as well balanced as mine. . . .

"So—to give him a better chance, so my friends and neighbors would have a closer and more interestin' contest to watch, I **SWAPPED RIFLES** without his knowin'

"Then I shot first with his rifle, near-missin' to draw things out a mite. And then **HE** shot with **MINE**. . . ."

Just then Tad saw the stranger pass by, groaning as he leaned on the arms of two grim-faced frontiersmen.

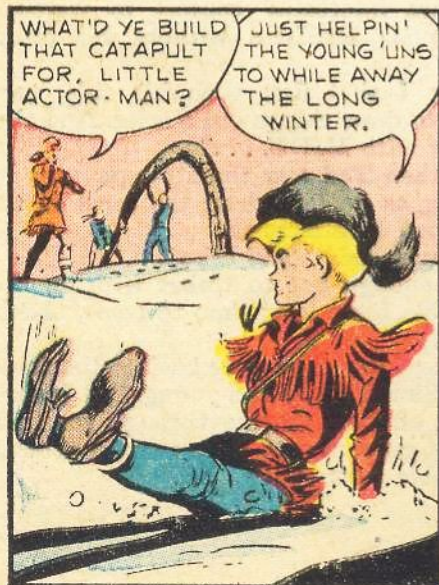
"He hurt bad?" Tad asked.

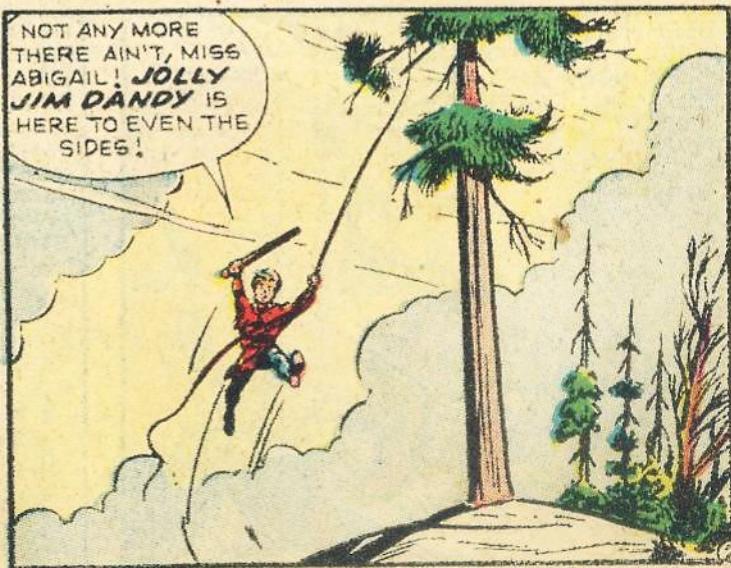
"Bad enough not to tinker with another man's rifle for a long time to come," Kirby said.

The next day they were back to the forest again—Simon Kirby and young Tad Jones—the two of them moving through the thick shadows, quiet as cats, their ears ever cocked for trouble over yonder. . . .

THE END

JOLLY JIM DANDY





THAT'LL TEACH YE TO BE
BOTHERIN' PEACEABLE
SETTLERS TRAIPSIN'
THROUGH THE WOODS!



HMMM— LOOKS LIKE SOME
MORE OF 'EM NEED TEACHIN'!
WAL, HERE I GO AGAIN!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES,
MY WARRIORS! RUN!



I'M RIGHT OBLIGED TO YE, JOLLY
JIM DANDY, FOR COMIN' TO THE
RESCUE!

GOOD DAY, MR.
TINDER! "MOST
POWERFUL AND
FEARLESS MAN
HEREABOUTS"—
HMPF!



IT WEREN'T
MUCH, MISS
ABIGAIL—
HONEST.

I'LL GET BACK AT YE FOR MAKIN' ME
LOOK SO SMALL IN ABIGAIL'S EYES,
JOLLY JIM DANDY! I'M NOT
LEAVIN' THESE WOODS TILL I
FIGURE OUT **HOW** TO GET BACK
AT YE!



BEEN IN THE
WOODS OVER THREE
WEEKS NOW, BUT
STILL CAN'T FIGURE
OUT HOW TO GET
BACK AT!!!

HEY—
A B'AR!



NO NEED TO GRAB YOUR RIFLE,
STRANGER. THIS-HERE B'AR OF
MINE IS AS **TAME** AS A LAP DOG—
HE JUST **LOOKS** FEE-ROCIOUS!

HMM— HOW MUCH
WOULD YE CHARGE
ME TO HIRE HIM OUT
FOR THE DAY,
STRANGER...?







I'M RELOADIN' AS FAST AS I CAN, ABIGAIL. BUT I HAVE TO MAKE SURE I DO IT RIGHT!

THE CATAPULT!
IT'S MORT'S ONLY CHANCE!



JOLLY JIM—
WHAT'RE YE
DOIN'?

I AIM TO WHIZ RIGHT INTO THE
B'AR WHILE HE'S RUNNIN' AND
OFF BALANCE AND KNOCK HIM
DOWN!



... IF THIS WORKS OUT, YOUR RIFLE
SHOULD BE RELOADED BEFORE HE
GETS A CHANCE TO ...



THE B'AR'S UP ON
HIS FEET AGAIN ...
HE'S CHARGIN'
JOLLY JIM DANDY!



WHEW— I'M RIGHT
OBLIGED, FRIEND. YE
BROUGHT MR. B'AR DOWN
A SPLIT-SECOND BEFORE
HE COULD MAKE ME ANY
SMALLER!



MORT, I CARE FOR YE!
WHEN I SAW YE IN SUCH
MORTAL DANGER, I NIGH
TO DIED! I'LL BE YOUR
WIFE GLADLY, MORT!
DO YE HEAR ME? I'LL
BE YOUR WIFE!

I HEAR YE,
ABIGAIL ...



... AND YOU CAN REST EASY,
JOLLY JIM! I'M SO FULL OF
JOY AT HOW THINGS HAVE
TURNED OUT—I'LL NEVER
BE WANTIN' TO GET BACK
AT YE FOR ANYTHIN'
AGAIN!!!

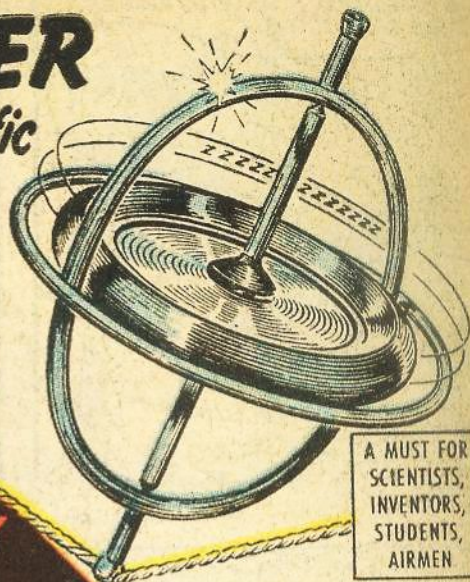


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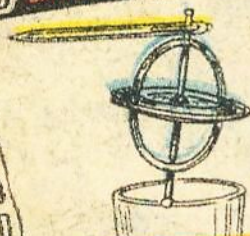
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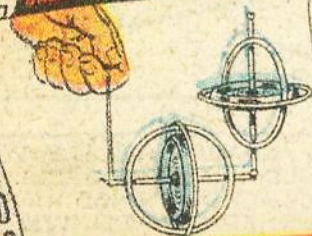
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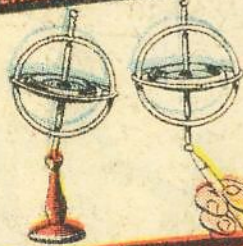
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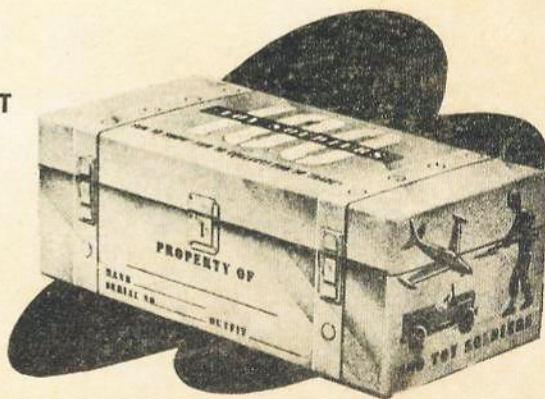
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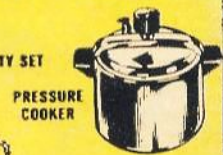
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